SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

From the window of the chapel softly
sounds an organ note,
Through the peaceful Sabbath gloaming
drifting shreds of music float,
And the quiet and the firelight and the
sweetly solemn tunes
Bear me dreaming back to boyhood and its
Sunday afternoons;

When we gathered in the parlor, in the
parlor stiff and grand,
Where the haircloth chairs and sofas stood
arrayed, a gloomy band,
Where each queer oil portrait watched us
with a countenance of wood,
And the shells upon the whatnot in a dust-
less splendor stood.

Then the quaint old parlor organ, with the
quaver in its tongue,
Seemed to tremble in its fervor as the sa-
cred songs were sung,
As we sang the homely anthem, sang the
glad revival hymns
Of the glory of the story and the light no
sorrow dims.

While the dusk grew even deeper and the
evening settled down,
And the lamp-lit windows twinkled in the
drowsy little town,
Old and young we sang the chorus and the
echoes told it o'er
In the dear, familiar voices, hushed or
scattered evermore.

From the windows of the chapel faint
and low the music dies,
And the picture in the firelight fades be-
fore my tear-dimmed eyes,
But my wistful fancy, listening, hears the
night wind hum the tunes,
That we sang there in the parlor on those
Sunday afternoons.

—Job Lincoln, in Saturday Evening Post.

BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon,

Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING'S QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD BLAKE," Etc.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

Mrs. Vane was at home and welcomed Barbara heartily.

"I'm all alone here, and you're just the person I want to see. Went to call on your mother yesterday. She is lonesome, and I've asked her to come and pay me a visit of a week or a month, just as she feels. I find that Thomas for some reason never heard of your father's death. Such things will happen even in a world of newspapers and telegraphs. I want you to tell me all about yourself and your plans. I don't believe you can do a thing, but I am ready to help you if you're the girl I think you are. The Vanes always were proud and aristocratic people; but, if we have ever stood up for one thing more than another, it was for honest labor in the house or the field or the shop or anywhere. I hate the aristocracy of doing nothing. All my boys learned a trade, and all my girls can cook just as well as they can play the piano, and some of 'em better. I'd rather eat their pie than hear their piano. Sit right there, dear, and be comfortable."

Barbara had not been in the house half an hour before she was deeply in love with the lady of it. After an hour had passed she was astonished at Mrs. Vane's knowledge of human nature and her grasp of the subject of servants and housekeeping problems generally.

"People will tell you, my dear, that I am an eccentric old lady with a good many crank notions about servants. The fact is, I try to treat them just as Christ taught us to do. That's the reason folks call me queer. People that try to do the Christlike thing in all relations of life have always been called queer, and always will be."

When Barbara finally went away after refusing an urgent invitation to remain to tea, 'she had made an arrangement with Mrs. Vane to meet with her and Mrs. Ward and a friend of both, to talk over some practical plan for getting the servants and the housekeepers together for a mutual conference.

"If anything is done," Mrs. Vane insisted, "it must be done with both parties talking it over in a spirit of Christian love. It never can be solved in any other way."

The date fixed for the conference was two weeks from that afternoon, and Barbara went back to her work quite enthusiastic over the future and very much in love with the woman who was known to most of the members of Marble Square church as "that eccentric Mrs. Vane."

The two weeks had gone by quickly, and Thursday noon at dinner in the Ward house Barbara was surprised to find, when she came in to serve the first course, that Alfred Ward had unexpectedly arrived. He had spent two months of his summer vacation with college classmates on the lakes, and had returned sooner than his mother had expected, to stay until the term opened again.

"Arthur, this is Miss Clark, about whom I have written you," Mrs. Ward said, a little awkwardly.

The young man looked at her with interest, and bowed politely. Barbara returned his bow simply, and did not speak. She felt a little annoyed as the meal proceeded and she was called in at different times. She thought the family was talking about her, and that the college student had been asking questions. Several times she was conscious that he was looking at her. It vexed her, although his look was always respectful.

The meal was almost over when Mrs. Ward suddenly asked his wife: "O, have you heard, Martha, that Dr. Law had a stroke yesterday? Very sudden. It will result in his leaving Marble Square pulpit."

"No! How sudden! What will the church do?"

Mr. Ward was silent a moment. Barbara was just going out. She slackened her step almost unconsciously.

"I have no question they will call Morton."

"Will he come?"

"I think he will."

"Good!" said Alfred.

"Yes, Morton will be a success in Marble Square pulpit," Mrs. Ward said, positively

Barbara went out, shutting the kitchen door. She did not hear Mr. Ward say: "If Morton goes on as he has begun, he will become one of the greatest preachers this country ever saw."

CHAPTER IV.

TO BE OF USE IN THE WORLD.

When Barbara started that afternoon with Mrs. Ward for Mrs. Vane's to meet with her in conference, she had no plan of any kind worked out, even in the vaguest outline. She had told Mrs. Ward what Mrs. Vane had said before, and asked her whether she was willing to go with her. Mrs. Ward was very willing, and Barbara gave her credit for being as much interested as any woman might be expected to be in anything that was not even thought out far enough to be rightly called a "conference."

Mrs. Vane met them with her usual bright greeting, and again Barbara felt the sharpness of her look.

"I've asked Hilda to come in for a little while this afternoon. She doesn't want to stay very long, and I had rather hard work to persuade her to come at all. She's shy. Mrs. Ward, how's your headache? Or maybe this isn't your day for having one. I don't wonder your girls have trouble with you. You're so nervous with your headaches that I wouldn't venture to work for you short of ten dollars a week in advance. I wonder Miss Clark has stayed as long as she has."

All this the old lady said with astonishing rapidity and with a frankness that amazed Barbara and made Mrs. Ward laugh.

"Miss Clark is learning to put up with me, I think," Mrs. Ward said, with a kindly look at Barbara, who was pleased.

"O, I should think so," said Mrs. Vane, looking sharply from one to the other. "You don't either of you have many grievances, I imagine. Sit right there, Hilda!" she exclaimed as the girl Barbara had met on Sunday came into the room. "You remember Mrs. Ward and Miss Clark, Hilda? We met them last Sunday."

Hilda sat down awkwardly in the seat indicated by Mrs. Vane, and there was a moment of embarrassed silence. Hilda was dressed to go out, and Barbara could not help wondering how far the girl understood what the meeting was about. She began to feel a little angry at Mrs. Vane, without knowing just why, when that good woman very frankly cut across the lots of all preliminaries by saying: "Now, then, Hilda, you know well enough what I asked you to come in for. We want to make a beginning of some sort of helping the girls who are out at service realize what their work means, and what they are worth to a family, and all that."

Hilda looked embarrassed and said nothing. Barbara came to the rescue.

"Don't you think the first thing we need to do is to settle on some really simple plan by which we can reach all the girls and let them know what we propose to do?"

"You never can do it," Mrs. Ward spoke with some emphasis. "It has been tried before by Mrs. Rice and one or two others. The fact is, the girls do not care to meet together for any such purpose."

"Mrs. Ward is right and wrong both," Mrs. Vane said. "I'm not going to discourage you, but you have set out on as hard a task as ever a lady undertook. The very people you want to help are the very ones who don't want you bothering around."

"Then perhaps we had better start with the housekeepers first," replied Barbara, feeling conscious of the big-

"ARTHUR, THIS IS MISS CLARK."

ness and badness of the dragon as never before. "If you and Mrs. Ward and three or four more could—"

"But we have no plan," Mrs. Ward spoke up rather quickly. "You will simply find that the women of Crawford face the question without any ideas about it. We all agree that with rare exceptions the help we generally get is incompetent and unsatisfactory and not to be depended on for any length of time. And that's about all we're agreed upon."

Mrs. Vane looked sharply at Barbara and then at Hilda.

"Hilda," she said, sharply, but at the same time not unkindly, "tell us what you think. What's the matter with all you girls? What's the reason you aren't all full-grown angels like us housekeepers?"

Barbara could not help smiling, although she had been sitting so far with a growing feeling of discouragement. As for Hilda, she had evidently been long enough with Mrs. Vane to be used to her queer ways, and was not disturbed by her eccentricities. She shuffled her feet uneasily on the carpet, and dug the point of a very bright red parasol into a corner of a rug.

"I don't know, Mrs. Vane," she finally said, slowly. "I have no complaint to make."

"No, but I have. Now you know, Hilda, you didn't half do your work right this morning; and, if I hadn't come out into the kitchen, the pudding Mr. Vane likes would have been burned to a crisp. Wouldn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am," Hilda answered, her face rivaling in color her parasol.

"And yet you had the clock there before you as plain as day. What were you thinking of?"

"I can't always be thinking of a pudding!" Hilda replied, with more spirit than Barbara had yet seen in her.

"There, my child," Mrs. Vane said, gently, without a particle of impatience or ill nature, "I don't blame you much. I have let puddings burn, myself, when I was a bride beginning housekeeping for Mr. Vane. We must make allowances for human nature that can't always be thinking of puddings."

"At the same time," said Mrs. Ward, with a trace of impatience in her tone, "somebody must think of puddings while they are baking. We can't be excusing human nature all the time for carelessness and lack of attention to the details of service. I think one great cause of all the trouble we meet in the whole problem is the lack of responsibility our servants take upon themselves. Out of a dozen girls that have been in my house within the last three years, not more than two or three could be trusted to wash my dishes properly. What can a woman do when after repeated instructions and admonitions her girls persist in using dirty dishwater and putting things away on the shelves only half wiped? We can't always be excusing them on account of human nature. It may sound absurd, but I have gone to bed downright sick many a time because my girl would persist in putting dirty dishes back into the pantry." And poor Mrs. Ward heaved a sigh as she looked at Mrs. Vane, who sat erect and sharp-eyed before her.

"That's it!" she said, sharply. "Responsibility! That's the word. But how get responsibility into a class of people who have no common bond of sympathy or duty? No esprit de corps? The responsibility must grow out of a sense of dignity that belongs to the service. As long as the service is regarded by those who perform it as menial and degrading, the only thing we can expect is shiftlessness and all lack of responsibility."

"Responsibility generally goes with a sense of ownership," suggested Barbara. "But I don't see how anything like ownership can be grafted upon a servant girl's work. Now I wouldn't care leave dishes dirty, because of my mother's training, no matter whose dishes they were. But I can easily see it is not very strange for a girl to slight any work in which she does not feel any ownership."

"There's another thing," Mrs. Vane said. "I've told Mrs. Ward so several times. She has always had a good deal of company and five in the family anyway a good deal of the time. She ought not to expect to get along with just one girl. At the close of a big supper it is almost half-past seven. The quickest girl can't wash up all the dishes properly in less than half an hour. If she wants to go out somewhere in the evening, what is more natural than for her to do the work in a hurry? She has been at work all day since half-past six. She works longer hours and for less pay than young men in stores get for clerk service that is not so important by half as the housework for a family. Now I'll warrant that Mr. Ward pays some of his clerks down-town three times what he pays the girl at home for almost twice the hours of labor. Wouldn't it be better and cheaper in the long run, Mrs. Ward, to hire two persons to do your work, at least for a part of the time? I'm inclined to think a good many of us expect too much of one girl. We work them too many hours. And we ought to remember that for most of the time the work really is what must be called drudgery."

"One girl in the house almost kills me. Two would complete the business, I am sure," said Mrs. Ward, smiling at Barbara. "Some of what you say is very true. But I am sure Mr. Ward would never think of giving as much for the work in the home as he gives for clerk work in the store."

"And why not, if the service performed is as severe and, more than that, as important to your peace and comfort, and his own as well when he gets home? I know a good many farmers who think nothing of paying out several hundred dollars every year on improved machinery to lighten their own labor on the farm. But they think their wives are crazy if they ask for an improved washing machine that costs $25 or a few kitchen utensils of the latest style to save labor. That's one reason so many farmers' wives are crazy over in Crawford county asylum. Men expect to pay a good price for competent service in their business. Why should they expect to get competent servants in the house for the price generally offered?"

"I don't think it's the price that keeps competent girls away from housework, Mrs. Vane," remarked Barbara. "I have figured it out that even on four dollars a week at Mrs. Ward's I can save more than I could possibly save if I worked for Bondman at five or even six, paying out of that for board, lodging and washing. If the price paid for competent servants was raised in Crawford to ten dollars a week, I doubt if the girls now in the stores and factories would leave their positions to enter house service."

"I believe they would, a good many of them, anyway;" Mrs. Vane replied with vigor. "You can get almost anything if you pay for it."

"But we must remember, Mrs. Vane, that the great majority of families in Crawford cannot afford to pay such prices for househelp. You have no idea how much trouble I am in for paying my girls four or four and a half a week. My neighbors who say they cannot afford that much tell me their girls become dissatisfied when they learn what we pay, and very often leave because I pay my girls more than other housekeepers."

"The whole question has as many sides to it as a ball!" ejaculated Mrs. Vane, rubbing her nose vigorously. "I think I shall finally go back to the old primitive way of doing my own work, living on two meals a day and washing the dishes once. You needn't stay any longer, Hilda, if you want to go."

[To Be Continued.]

TALE OF A MANILA BEAN.

A Traveling Agent Was Afraid to Trust a Professional Florist with It.

Quite an excitement has been created in Kensing by so small a matter as a bean, says the Philadelphia Record. The bean was brought from Manila two years ago by a traveling agent for a large mauufactory, who had seen a tree covered with beautiful flowers and beans while traveling in Luzon, and had secured one of the pods. Fearing that if he confided it to a professional florist, he would lose the honor of introducing a new flower to Philadelphia, he turned over the bean to a Kensington woman, agreeing to pay one dollar a month for its care and culture until it produced flowers. The bean has been two years growing, but is not yet over two inches in height. Local botanists say it is not a bean, but a date seed, which has been planted in mistake. The owner, who paid $12 for one year's board for the bean, thinks the caretaker should now keep it for company, but she says she has had three door bells worn out by curious visitors. Recently the owner dug the plant up to see what the root looked like, and found that while there were only three inches of stem and leaves, a large 16-inch pot was filled with fibrous roots. He thought it would be a good plan to clip the roots, since which time the Manila bean has been but a little faded flower. The caretaker asserts that in two years she has served the bean with 1,400 gallons of water and taken 20,000 steps in carrying it around the house, to give it the full benefit of sunshine. It was as much trouble and care as a baby, only it did not cry at night.

On Second Thought.

"I will," she exclaimed; "I will not live with you another day!"

"You'll leave me, will you?" he calmly asked.

"Yes, I will."

"When?"

"Now—right off—this minute."

"You'll go away?"

"Yes, sir."

"I wouldn't if I were you."

"But I will. I defy you to prevent me. I have suffered at your hands as long as I can put up with you."

"Oh, I shan't try to stop you," he quietly replied. "I'll simply report to the police that my wife has mysteriously disappeared. They'll want your description and I will give it. You wear No. 5 shoes, you have an extra large mouth, you walk stiff in your knees, your nose turns up at the end, eyes rather on the squint, voice like a—"

"Wretch! You wouldn't dare do that!" she screamed.

"I certainly will, and the description will go in all the newspapers."

They glared at each other a moment in silence. Then it was plain to be seen that she had changed her mind.—Washington Star.

The Phantom Ship.

While the captain of an English steamer was standing on the bridge of his vessel as it passed down the English channel, a thick fog came on and he began to sound the fog-horn. To his dismay, after he had sounded the signal, he heard the "Boo-o-o" of the horn repeated directly ahead of him.

He turned his ship's head sharply to the right to avoid a collision and sounded another warning. Again the "Boo-o-o" was returned. The vessel was put back on its former track and the fog-horn sounded, with the same result.

"I could not make it out," said the captain, in narrating the story, "and a strange feeling of superstitious awe began to creep over me. Just as I was giving myself one last pull together the lookout man called:

"'It's the old coo, sir!'

"And so it was—the cow kept in the forecastle for the use of the ship. Undoubtedly she took the sound of the fog-horn for the cry of a companion in distress, and gave a sympathetic response." — Youth's Companion.

Disciplined His Mule.

A mule in a pack train which was usually loaded with salt discovered that by lying down when fording a certain stream and allowing the salt to dissolve he could lighten his burden. The muleteer once loaded him with sponges instead, which absorbed water when he lay down in the stream and made his burden fourfold heavier. The mule was cured of his smartness.—Chicago Journal.

Wise as Solomon.

Two ladies contended for precedence in the court of Charles the Fifth. They appealed to the monarch, who, like Solomon, awarded: "Let the eldest go first." Such a dispute was never known afterward.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Cause.

Circus Manager—What's all the row in the dressing-room?

Attendant—Oh, the man who walks barefoot on swords ran a splinter in his foot—Ohio State Journal.

Notice.

To Policy Holders in Old Line Companies: Beware of the confidence game played by the pious Insurance Agent, who wants to do you the favor of switching you from your company to his. All companies write numerous plans of insurance and every plan costs a different price. You get value received for any plan you buy, from any Old Line Company. When the confidence man shows you a plan differing from the one you have, which is part of the game, and should you prefer this particular plan write to the Agent or Company who insured you and get it, and thereby save what you paid. Don't be an easy mark. There are millions of dollars lost each year by policyholders being duped by confidence men.

H. C. WILSON.

This Will Interest Many.

To quickly introduce B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm), the famous Southern blood cure, into new homes, we will send, absolutely free, 10,000 trial treatments. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) quickly cures old ulcers, carbuncles, pimples of offensive eruptions, pains in bones or joints, rheumatism, scrofula, exezema, itching skin and blood humors, cancer, eating, festering sores, boils, catarrh, or any blood or skin trouble. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) heals every sore or pimple, makes the blood pure and rich and stops all aches and pains. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) thoroughly tested for thirty years in hospital and private practice, and has cured thousands of cases given up as hopeless. Sold at drug stores, $1 per large bottle. For free treatment write to Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Medicine sent at once, prepaid. Describe trouble and free medical advice given. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) gives life vigor and strength to the blood, the finest Blood Purifier made. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) gives a healthy Blood supply to the skin and entire system.